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VOL. 4. NO. 82.

VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

JULY 20,

1861.

"THERE HAS BEEN NO INQUIRY INTO THE GREAT BETHEL AFFAIR."—*Washington Correspondent of a New-York Paper.*

☞ See "VANITY FAIR to the Public," for Terms of Subscription, etc., on Second Page.

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From the late Hon. Horace Mann.

July 29, 1850.

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From Louis Agassiz, LL. D.

I have looked over your great edition of Worcester's Dictionary, chiefly with the view of ascertaining how far it covers the ground in which I am particularly interested. It is of great importance, in our days, when the nomenclature of science is gradually creeping into common use, that an English Lexicon should embrace as much of it as is consistent with the language we speak. I am truly surprised and highly delighted to find that you have succeeded far beyond my expectation in making the proper selection, and combining with it a remarkable degree of accuracy.—More could hardly be given, except in a scientific Cyclopedia.

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OBSERVATIONS ON THE COMET.

(By Our Special Astronomer.)

In accordance with special instructions from the Scientific Bureau of V. F., I last evening procurred an excellent glass (of lager) and taking a central position in the Park, proceeded with my observations. Preparing my instrument, a highly chromatic pipe, and fixing myself in a firm position at an angle of 28° 20 as to my legs, with my eye at about 68° 50, I endeavored to obtain the bearings of the Great Bear, which I was soon enabled to do by the arrival of Policeman A 22, who appeared to be watching my movements with scientific interest. Not discovering the Comet, by a rapid triangulation which, for want of the necessary instrument, I accomplished with my legs, I changed my position, and soon discovered a brilliant light upon my left. Going into the bar-room of Tammany Hall, I made the proper enquiries of a young man in attendance, and was told that the light proceeded from the windows of *The Times* newspaper. This not being the particular Comet which I was after, I procured another glass of the obliging young gentleman, and retracked to the Park. Finding that I could not discover the illustrious visitor, I ventured to enquire of the Policeman, who remained fixed to the spot, if he had seen the Comet. He informed me with great kindness that it had just taken a seat behind the Astor House. Triangulating at once to that well-known hotel, I requested permission of the popular and gentlemanly bar-keeper, having procured from him another glass, to carry on my observations from the roof of the building, and I regret to say that this reasonable request was refused. I then went to the Battery, where I discovered that a shower of meteoric mud and stones had recently fallen, but, of the Comet I saw nothing. Quite discouraged by these repeated disappointments, I was proceeding disconsolately up, when the magnificent object which I had so long sought, burst upon my enraptured vision. A huge globe of red fire was seen blazing, apparently, such was the power of my glass, at no great distance from the earth ; and this was surmounted by a smaller sphere of a brilliant green color. Lost in wonder at this beautiful sight, and full of gratitude, I took a position for further observation, when the magnificent object suddenly disappeared with a noise singularly like that of shutting up shop. I triangulated in the direction of the light and found nothing to relieve my mind except the inscription, "Jones, Chemist," over a closed door. Such are the reverses which attend the pursuits of science. At that moment I stretched myself faint and weary upon the nearest door-stone, and became well nigh insensible, when I was aroused by the exclamation : "Twig His Tail, Jim !" Springing madly to my feet, I caught a newsboy by the collar, and cried out, "where ?" "There, stupid," was the response, and as he pointed, I saw—the Comet !

I could not pursue my researches much further, for triangulization had become exceedingly difficult. The thing is somewhere in the Celestial menagerie. It is either near the Great Bear or the Little Bear or the Medium Sized Bear, or the Serpent, or the Gorilla, or the Pegasus, or the Greyhound, or the Black-and-Tan Terrier, or the Fox and Goose, or the What-Is-It, or the Bull, or the Unicorn, or the Fishes. I should say when I saw it—that is, if I did see it—that it was 128,653,921,453,698 of miles from the sun—but I am not particular about a few billions or so. Its rate of travel was somewhat over 2 : 40 in a minute—if I may be permitted to judge. It was rather than else hairy around the head as if a visit to Phalon's would do it no harm, and its tail, gradually fading into a thin nothingness as if it were too long continued, reminded me of the tales in Bonner's *Ledger*. The general opinion is, in those well informed circles in which I move, that it will not destroy the world. I shall express no opinion upon this point until after the event ; but I am sure that, upon the night of my memorable observations, it nearly destroyed me.

J. Herschell Heavywet,
Astronomer to Vanity Fair.

Note by Ed. V. F.

[This will never do. We print Heavywet's incoherent report, because being a strictly scientific journal we must print something ; but Heavywet is discharged ; and his place is now open to any man who can prove that he is not only learned but light and dry.]

ZOYARA THOMAS.

The federal authorities at Baltimore have lately captured, and placed for safe keeping in Fort McHenry, a very singular specimen of the epicene "What Is It?" This thing is known as Colonel Thomas, or the French Lady, and the newspapers constantly contain such reports about it as the following :

"Colonel Thomas, the French Lady, is kept closely guarded at Fort McHenry. Refreshments are sent to him by friends. She is a very gentlemanlike person, and swears in seven languages with great fluency. The Colonel is cheerful, and drinks gin cock-tails between the intervals of singing hymns. Her back-hair is put up every morning upon a musket barrel filled with hot water ; and the side-pockets of his pantaloons have been sewed up, in order to prevent her from carrying concealed weapons "

"Colonel Thomas, now in durance at Fort McHenry, has applied for a piano. She says that she would prefer one with Florida Keys and a brown stone front. His consumption of tobacco is enormous : indeed, she playfully says, herself, that were she a widow she would wear little or nothing in this hot weather except Nicotian Weeds. Pork is fed to her at the rate of a pound every two hours, which has already caused his side-whiskers to assume a very bristly appearance. The only book at present allowed to her is the 'Language of Flowers,' out of which, with the aid of some weeds that grew upon the window-sill, she has made up seven bouquets, each of them representing a powerful curse. These are thrown by the Colonel at the head of the contraband in waiting, when that colored person happens to be behind-hand with the corn-whiskey cobbler."

"Colonel Thomas is a perfect gentleman, and remarkable for her immense feet. He is in great dread of Professor Lowe, and wears straps under her trousers, lest she might be taken up by atmospheric pressure into that gentleman's balloon, and used for a parachute."

We think Barnum ought to be around.

OUR BOOK REVIEW.

The Sea (La Mer.) From the French of M. J. Michelet. Translated from the latest Paris Edition. New-York : Rudd & Carleton.

This book opens with "The Sea as seen from the Shore," and we beg leave most respectfully to say that that is not only as far as we have got in the reading of it, but is also about as far as we care to go in reality.

There is nothing in the pleasures of the sea, that we can see, but much we fear that we should feel. "By the sad sea waves," is a good thing to do vocally, and when we receive our invitations from Newport, Long Branch and Rockaway, to honor their social circles with our gifted presence, we will do our best to imitate the graceful evolutions of Augustus in the briny. "La Mer" therefore will no doubt be acceptable to the belles of the sea-side, and it will be pronounced by them a "love of a book," while Augustus will look up languishingly and sigh, "Ah ! ever adored Matilda Jane, but what is La Mer, unless accompanied by La Femme and L'Amour."

Mother Goose on the "Situation."

Hiccory, diccory, dock !
Beauregard tries to "lick" Scott,
If Scott hits him one then down he will come,
Hiccory, diccory, dock !

Scott's Geography.

On the large map which General Scott is continually studying are many points of interest, but the veteran's attention is principally directed to Davis's Straits.

HUMORS OF THE WAR.

Kate.—Why, Carrie, what can you find to laugh at in those horrid war reports.

Carrie.—Why, only to think my Thomas has been promoted for courage, and you know he fairly wilts when I look at him.

Oderint dum Metuant.

Dr. Russell declares that he "can't over-state
(If fierce maledictions are anything worth)
The breadth or the depth of the venomous hate
Which Southerners bear to the men of the North."
Well, Doctor,—who cares for the rancorous race?
Let the traitors continue to slander and jeer us—
As Tully observed in a similar case,
"Who cares how they hate us, so long as they fear us!"

Bad Effect of the Fourth of July.

We knew that the spirit of '61 was abroad on the Fourth, but we were hardly prepared for the full extent of its inebriating effect. We have positive information that on that day even the smoke of the cannons was dissipated.

Bad Pronunciation of an Historian.

Sir Archibald Alison pronounces the American Constitution a failure. This eminent historian is at his old trade of pilfering other men's ideas. He has evidently got hold of a stray copy of the *Daily News*.

The Cavil-ry of the North.

The corps of critics under command of Representative Wood of the *News*, and Major-General Greeley of the *Tribune*.

A Mere Matter of Form.

The office of Secretary of the Treasury in the Southern Confederacy.

Vanity Fair to the President.

[Private.]

New York, July 11, 1861.

My Dear Abe:—There is a military gentleman at Troy, New-York, of the name of Wool. You must have heard of him—John E. Wool? He did some very respectable fighting at Queenstown Heights and Plattsburg in the war of 1812, despite the untoward circumstance of his not being a lawyer, and some thirty-three years later he won the battle of Buena Vista, in Mexico. That was a terrific and brilliant battle, Abe—perhaps the greatest battle ever fought on this Continent. Years after he rendered his country a very important service in adjusting our Indian troubles in the territories of Washington and Oregon—troubles, as you may remember Abe, which at one time threatened to crimson the golden shores of the Pacific with the blood of the White Man.

Last winter this military gentleman of the name of Wool went on to Washington and did his utmost to infuse a little life, a little nerve, into the Rye-embalmed Mummy which, unhappily for us all, was President. That he failed was no fault of his. He wanted to hang the ringleaders of the rebellion and make a clean sweep of the traitors in Washington. Had this been done the present war would have been wholly unnecessary. But Wool could not move the Mummy.

Now, what we want to get at is this: Why is such a man as Wool, at such a time as this, shut up in the Arsenal at Troy?

In short, Abe, Vanity Fair, speaking for the people, wants to know why General John E. Wool is not in the field, at the head of a Grand Army, carrying terror to the hearts of the foe?

Please speak to Scott and Cameron about it, and

Believe us, dear Abe,

Yours truly,

Vanity Fair.

To President Lincoln, Washington, D. C.

Rough on Dallas.

A pleasing youth named Welborn publishes the following graceful notice in a Tennessee paper:

I wish to inform the public that nearly fourteen years ago, soon after I was born, my father (W. J. Y. Welborn) named me George M. Dallas, and now, having become ashamed of the name, I take this method of informing the public that it is now changed to Jeff Davis, and I hope the boys in my acquaintance will in future call me Jeff. instead of Dallas. Jeff. Davis Welborn.

They raise many things in Secessia, including rice, cotton and the d——l, but what they particularly excel in is smart boys—Welborn, for instance. It is quite true that Welborn's felicitous notice is rather rough on George M., and people less gushing and confiding than ourselves might doubt whether Welborn was so Well Born after all; but we at once accept him as a true type of the Southern youth, and advise him to throw his entire heft into the crisis.

Quite True.

The Southern papers claim that a great majority of our soldiers are Impressed.

So they are . . . all of them, in fact . . . Impressed with a desire to whip the rebels.

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

CAMP NEAR WASHINGTON, July 12th.

DEAR VANITY :—A collision is now considered imminent. . .

My plans are almost completed. . .

One of these fine mornings, I intend to let slip the dogs of war, if not to cry havoc.

Washington is safe.

I have placed LINCOLN at the head of a regiment of bassoons, armed with hand-grenades and sky-rockets.

Colonel JACK KETCH has also received a command.

He is expected to do great execution.

On Thursday last, just as the dying day-god sank to rest among the amaranthine glories of his couch in the occidental ether, and the bulbul wooed the rose in the White House back yard, a solitary horseman, attended by a military staff, three niggers in livery, and a brass band, might have been seen crossing the long bridge from the Virginia shore.

With thrilling fife and pealing drum, and clashing horn, he came. An officer of the Black Guards rode in front, bearing a flag of truce. The party halted, in the gathering gloom of night, hard by General SCOTT's headquarters, and an aid sought the veteran, who was playing dominoes with the *World* correspondent.

"My lord," said the aid; I come on behalf of my liege and colonel, who awaits your pleasure without. What ho! without, there! Let music wake the echoes of this valuable city!"

The trumpet to the cannon spoke, and the cannon to the heavens. There was a great noise.

General SCOTT threw down his dominoes, and went out.

"How d'ye, boss?" said Colonel TAYLOR . . . for such was the solitary horseman's name . . . "I just thought I'd come over with a truce, to give you a bit of chaff. . ."

"A truce to chaffing!" cried SCOTT, "have you no business, sirrah?"

"I was a lawyer before I jined the army, sir. That's all the business I ever had."

"A lawyer? What, is the rebel force officered by briefless barristers also? Then there is hope!" said SCOTT, joyfully;" when lawyer meets lawyer, then look out for blunders!"

"Colonel BEAUREGARD sends you his compliments, and this letter," continued TAYLOR, handing out a large and expensive envelope, sealed with North Carolina resin.

SCOTT took the missive with a delighted air.

"Soho!" said he; "the base rebel horde sue for peace, do they? I told you so! Colonel, JEFF DAVIS is tired of this long and disastrous war, wherein a collision is imminently expected, and accidental deaths occur almost daily! Ha, ha! he cries me mercy, does he? By my halidame, but this is sweet and nimble."

"Colonel," said I, "give me a chaw of tobacco."

Colonel TAYLOR handed me a plug. I took it and threw it into the gutter.

"Wait till I ask you, hound!" said I; "I addressed my friend SCOTT, and not you!"

"I beg your humble pardon, sir," said TAYLOR, "but as you said 'Colonel' I thought you spoke to me."

"I am accustomed," I said, "to confer titles. It is a playful way I have. Now, dry up, before I bat you over the snout!"

Several of my prettiest zoo-zoos, naked to the waist, and covered with blood, dust, and grime, now began gathering around, and TAYLOR concluded to keep quiet.

"Colonel SCOTT," said I; "pardon me, but aren't you a little hasty in expecting a peace petition from J. DAVIS? I know him. He is sassy. Perhaps you'd better read the communication, before you judge of its nature."

"MAC," said he; "don't talk that way to me! I only permit the *Tribune* to give me advice. The correspondent of VANITY FAIR ought to have more self-respect and modesty."

I felt the rebuke keenly. If he had called me a filthy liar and a knock-kneed whelp, I should not have cared; but it cut me to the quick to be likened to a *Tribune* correspondent.

He read the letter that TAYLOR had brought. It was as follows:

MANNASSANNASSASSASS GAP.

Gen. SCOTT and Mr. LINCOLN:—You are allowed just twenty-four hours from the receipt of this, in which to lay down your arms and leave the country. Otherwise, a collision will be imminent.

J. DAVIS.

SCOTT looked at the letter, then at me, then at TAYLOR.

"That," he remarked with a sweet smile; "that, is what I call cheek!"

"Your answer, boss," said TAYLOR, "your answer is . . . is . . .?"

"I'll see him d—d first, and then I won't!"

I heard a little playful whisper passing about among my zoo-zoos, and thought it very possible that a ruction might transpire.

There was a proposition to eat the party raw, band, instruments, horses, niggers, and all.

"Can you ride fast?" asked I.

"I kin," said TAYLOR.

"Then ride fast," said I.

He rode fast.

It was all that saved him.

That night, SCOTT and I dined with Colonel LINCOLN, and showed him the letter.

. . . "It reminds me," said ABE, breaking an almond, "of a little story, which I will tell you. . ."

"I have an engagement," interrupted SCOTT.

"One moment . . . excuse me," continued the President; "when I was a small boy, out in Kickapoo, I used to go into the woods to split rails. One day, I came across a hornet's nest, and got stung about the face, so that my cheeks swelled up as big as a half-bushel basket. This, however, did not impair my good-nature, and on returning to my father's house at night, I tried to perform some of the antics of a circus man, as there had been a show in the village, a few weeks before, and my interest had been greatly excited by it. . ."

General SCOTT snored.

". . . Well, I was accounted very handy at turning summersets," continued ABE; "but that night, would you believe it? my cheeks were puffed up so large that they struck the ground and kept me from going over every time! Now, how about Colonel DAVIS?"

"Ah! how, indeed?" I said, a little embarrassed; "the . . . the application is . . . ah . . . is subtle."

"Don't you see?" cried ABE, with a guffaw; "it don't do for a feller to be frisky when he's got too much Cheek! Haw, haw, haw!"

"Haw, haw, haw!" laughed SCOTT, suddenly opening his eyes, and pretending to have heard all, "I see . . . I see . . . and so, you know, a collision is imminent!

Tout à vous,

MCARONE.

A "Roaring Time."

Zoologically considered, the following items of correspondence from Fort Pickens are open to criticism. The subject is the debarkation of WILSON'S Zouaves at Rosas Island; describing which the writer says:

"Their advent here was a grand affair, and was as noisy as you can imagine. Cheers do not describe the extraordinary roars with which every one of our vessels, and subsequently ourselves, were greeted. I sincerely doubt whether so many 'tigers' were ever before heard in Florida."

Having read so far, it occurred to us that a Florida jungle might be rather a tight place for secessionists to bivouac in, just now. But the writer took us out of the jungle and planted us in the desert with his very next sentence, in which he asks:

"Is it any wonder, then, that the regiment should be the lion of the hour?"

Here we postponed any further perusal of the document under consideration, fearful lest the wandering zoology of the writer might lead him still further into the labyrinth species, and so nullify his lively images of a "roaring time."

HUMORS OF THE WAR.

Private No. 83.—"THEY'RE COMIN', DARN EM... BE YOU SCARIT?"

Private No. 84.—(*Mathematically inclined.*)—"NO; THERE'S ONLY ONE MAN KILLED TO EVERY SIX HUNDRED SHOTS FIRED IN BATTLE, AND THERE AIN'T OVER FIVE HUNDRED REBELS IN THAT CROWD."

Nowhere.

The secession governor of Arkansas has issued a proclamation calling for 10,000 troops to repel "federal invasion through Missouri," and the volunteers are "to find themselves." If these poor fellows can "find themselves" they will be far luckier than our brave boys who have, for weeks past, been trying in vain to find any secession soldiers. In fact, secession is nowhere, at least within reach of powder and ball.

What's in a Name?

One of the Richmond editors names the new comet the "Southern Confederacy," for the reasons, we presume, 1st, that it appeared very suddenly; 2d, that it is disappearing very rapidly; and 3d, that it bears about the same relation to the fixed stars that the Southern Confederacy bears to the stars in our national galaxy.

Hit him again!

"So JEFF DAVIS calls me a rail-splitter!" murmured old ABE, as he thoughtfully paced his room, and looking angrier than we ever saw him before; "Rail-splitter!" he repeated slowly, and clenching his fist, "then I'll teach the traitor that if I used to split my rails, he'll very soon have to cut his stick!"

A New "Billy Wilson."

The Senator from Massachusetts, who has already presented the Senate with six "bills," and has a whole batch more in his pocket.

A Rhyme for Messrs. Vallandigham and Burnett.

Shut your mouths, and open your eyes,
And don't talk to us about Compromise!

HO! FOR RICHMOND! HO! FOR RICHMOND

HEAD QUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE U. S.,
TRIBUNE OFFICE, PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE,

The Grand Army of "Wide-Awakes," who paraded the streets by torchlight shortly before the election of Lincoln, are requested to appear at Printing House Square, on the 6th of July, armed and equipped with capes, hats, and torches, and a bottle of Kerosine in their pockets.

Each Wide-Awake will provide himself with 14 days rations which will be the same as used by the commander-in-chief—apples. In case any true patriot should omit to bring these indispensable articles of food, I have detailed a large army of Milesian apple women, who will for a limited sum, supply the rank and file with these indispensible articles of food.

Your position will be in the advance of the enemy. You will elevate your torches, by night, high in the air, so that the enemy may take aim. My friend SCOTT has promised to aid you in this advance to Richmond, at which place you must be, at least as many of you as shall be left on the 20th before breakfast. When the Cock crows on the 20th I will be with you in Richmond.

In order that I may be there, at any rate, Prof. WISE has kindly volunteered his services to take me there in his balloon "Excelsior."

I exhort you to be courageous, although I cannot be with you in Spirit. Remember, On to Richmond! You have already been accused of cowardice for not pursuing the enemy, and fighting beside your brother Democrats. Never mind. My hide is tough. Seek to make yours so. Let him laugh that wins. We elected LINCOLN. Enough said.

By order of Lieut. Gen. HORACE GREELEY.

W. LLOYD GARRISON, *Aid-de-Camp.*

The only "Prince" who can hope to Secure the Allegiance of the South.

The Prince of Darkness.

THE LITTLE PRESIDENT.

A NURSERY RHYME FOR THE C. S. A.

There was a little President, as I've heard tell,
And he went to market, bogus bonds for to sell;
He went to market all for the C. S. A.,
And this little fellow was a fool, by the way.

Along came an officer, and his name was SCOTT,
He sent his soldiery all around about.
He sent his soldiery where he might please,
And the little President was very ill at ease.

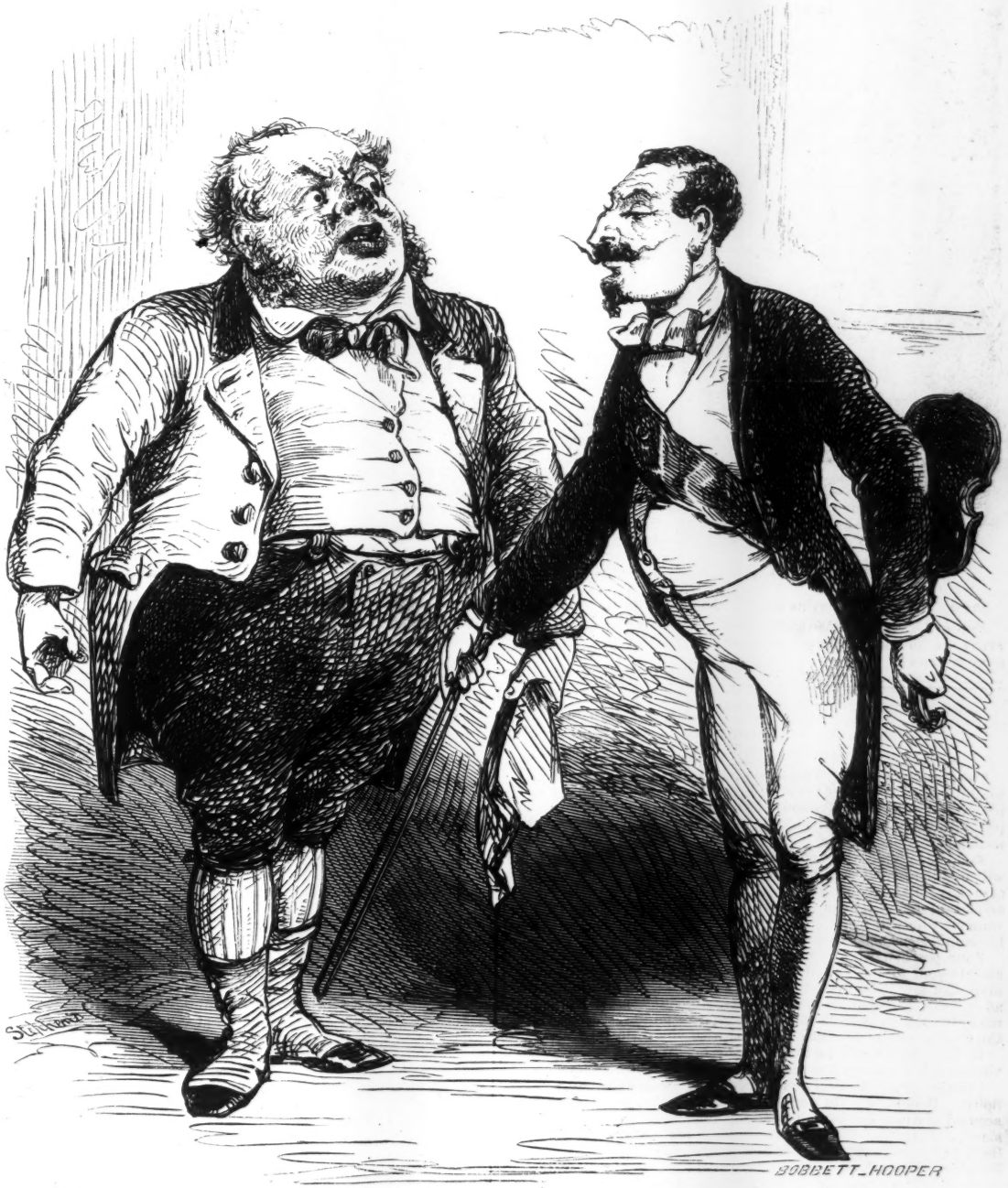
He was very ill at ease, and he began to quake,
He began to shiver, and he began to shake;
He began to shake, and he began to cry,
"Is this here Confederacy all in my eye?"

"If it's all in my eye, as I suppose it be,
I've a Cabinet at home, and they like me;
If it's all in my eye, they'll turn very pale,
If not, they will welcome me without any fail."

Home goes the little fellow, quite in the dark,
Up jump the Cabinet, staring, scared and stark,
They begin to run, and he begins to cry,
"This here Confederacy's all in my eye!"

A Losing Game.

In a recent letter to the London *Times*, W. H. RUSSELL, L. L. D. Barrister at Law, says that the Louisiana army contains a company composed entirely of professional gamblers. V. F. benevolently suggests to the "sports" in question that they had better keep out of the way of our Fire Zouaves, if they would not prematurely Hand In their Chips.



THE INTERNATIONAL DANCING SCHOOL.

L. Nap.—Now, Monsieur Bull, *prenez garde*—every ting depend on ze *premier pas*—ze first step.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

The subscriber having just rebuilt his large and commodious buildings, formerly used solely for the manufacture of his celebrated Hyperion Blacking Paste, (still to be bought of all respectable pedlars) begs leave to inform the public of the establishment of the new

SOUTHERN PATRIOTIC POETICAL MILLS,

where all manufactures pertaining to the Muse will be carried on with the well-known energy and skill hitherto devoted to the Paste alone. It is NOT intended, whatever unscrupulous rivals may say, to abandon the production of paste; no reason exists why the two articles should not be mutually manufactured (so to speak) and Poetry lend a charm to Blacking, while Blacking gives a polish to Poetry.

These Mills are intended to meet the present unparalleled demand for patriotic verse. Individual effort is manifestly unequal to the emergency, and

POETS ARE UNRELIABLE.
POETS ARE UNRELIABLE.
POETS ARE UNRELIABLE.

Hitherto the disadvantage of the South has been its dependence upon Northern talent, added to the irregularity of the human mind. Great as is the genius of a SIMMS or a HOLCOMBE, (our only poets) yet the subscriber boldly asserts that in competition with his Mills, it would be found no where. It has long been conceded that Imagination has no power to build a bridge, to pave a street, to raise a blockade, or capture a Washington; that it cannot even make a SCOTT out of a BEAUREGARD. How then is it possible for Imagination to make a Patriotic Southern Poem? Much less one hundred thousand? The absurdity is equally evident to idiots and sages.

It is clear that the South must now depend for her shoes, her cotton gins, and her Poetry, upon her own Mechanical Improvements. She is equal to the task. The manufactures of these Mills are unexcelled—neat but not gaudy—and have the great advantage of uniting uniformity of style with the noblest sentiments of secession.

The subscriber has now on hand, and will be sold cheap for cash (N. B.—Confederate Bonds not taken) 8000

INVOCATIONS TO JUDAS!
INVOCATIONS TO JUDAS!

Consisting of 500 Epics, 2,000 Lyrics, and a miscellaneous balance.

Also 10,000

APOTHEOSES TO TREASON!
APOTHEOSES TO TREASON!

The days are past when Treason's voice that called in vain was heard,
When patriots tore her banner and hooted at her bird—
When Treason cried for succor! and not a sucker stirred.

Such are the inspiring lays—
Arise! Arise!

Also, 15,000

BANNERS OF THE SOUTH,

in which the poetry does not for a moment flag. And a large assortment of

VOLUNTEERS ADIEUX!
Farewell! farewell! sweet maid, farewell!
I go to do secession's work.
Then bid me, too, dear girl, *fare well*
And not upon salt pork.

It will be seen that

HUMOR IS NOT NEGLECTED!
HUMOR IS NOT NEGLECTED!

And all jokes known to be such

ARE EMPHASIZED!

With full explanations on the wrapper.

All the leading papers in the South patronize these Mills. The subscriber would refer to the columns of the Charleston *Courier*, in which many of his manufactures have appeared, and would say that he has now on hand, a large order for

ODES TO ARNOLD!
ODES TO ARNOLD!
ODES TO ARNOLD!

Which will shortly appear in

THAT SHEET!
THAT SHEET!
THAT SHEET!

Northern Idea of a Truce.

A Truce to all Compromise.

"THE RECRUITING OFFICE"

Walk up, gentlemen, and place your names on our roll—never mind the fixins; if our desk is a barrel, and our ink bad enough—in a horn—that barrel is the altar of Liberty nevertheless. Yes! and that scroll of paper—may it never become your winding sheet—is the Scroll of Fame.

Gentlemen, this work-shop with its drills, files and wheels, turns out heroes in due course of time—if not sooner. Bell Ona, gentlemen—that's the female superintendent of our war department, likes young men—what woman don't, say you—young and active, between the age of 18 and 35, that's the age for Carriage, Forage, and Baggage. Single men preferred, of course, that don't mean you can't come by two's—you may come in crowds, if you will—the more the merrier, say I—Call up your friends.

Dress up for your country. "Step into the imminent, deadly breeches," as Shakespeare says—and a good pair of shoes to boot, and a new coat over all. You may wear a jacket at first, it won't be long—be brave and you'll get a coat at length. You may carry a musket to begin with, but let your reports be favorable, and you may s'port a sword by your side. The field is wide open, and advance is the word—advance 'till you get to the top of the heap, then you can take a long rest.

If you should happen to get wounded, there's a hospital for you to go to—not to chew the cud of bitter disappointment, but to feel your oats like a man that has done his duty, with medical advice gratis—there's an inducement to shed your blood.

And as for provender, gentlemen, Uncle Sam feeds his boys well. Would you believe it, that you have rolls every morning at réveillé—peas on a trencher for breakfast, and roast beef for dinner. There's the fun, too. Lashings of it. Picquets and whist after nightfall, balls full of music, and parties night and day, with Quod-drills at the Guard house, and Gallops, Steps and Marches everywhere.

So toe the mark, gentlemen. Take a gun on your shoulder and aim for glory. Come with a will—not your last testament, or any other, for the Bible Union will furnish you every thing in that particular for camp meeting purposes—we want a will that has no Cant about it.

Your mother country will care for you like a child. She will feed and clothe you with a bountiful hand, and give you after you have suffered, and been bled, and come back, a hundred and sixty acres of free soil in the far West, where you can plant your destinies by the sweat of your brows, get married and be a husbandman.

So come along lads and make men of yourselves. Give me your names, and have them handed down to future generations, at once. This is a post of posterity, where the males are sent right on to their destiny-ation, if they don't fall into the Dead Letter Box on the way.

OUR AMALGAMATION COUSIN.

We find this charming paragraph in that pleasant but dying journal, the Mobile *Tribune*:

We must have a pet name for the Confederate States. Uncle Sam is turned over to the Yankees, as an inveterate old curmudgeon. Let us make Cousin Sally our watchword and rallying cry. The thought would be in harmony with the chivalrous gallantry that should mark the character of the sons of the South. Who would not fight for Cousin Sally?

What a style those dashing Southern fellows have, in their journalism, to be sure! Cousin SALLY! Brilliant thought! Funny *Tribune*—don't make us laugh—ha, ha! "Who wouldn't fight for Cousin Sally?" Why—let us see; DAVIS won't, we judge; nor BEAUREGARD, apparently; nor the valiant PRYOR, insulter of ladies and general blackguard; nor WISE, the man who didn't take Washington; nor even the terrible CHESNUT, who knocks down forts at ten miles distance, for amusement (*vide* the diversions of the Associated Press anent Fort Sumter)—nor, in fact, anybody else, including the rag-tag and bob-tail army that Cousin SALLY has bullied together! "The thought," dear ingenious *Tribune*, is precisely "in harmony with the chivalrous gallantry" that marks "the character of the sons of the South." The Confederacy is a good deal nearer to Sally-vation than to Salvation. But O, lively Southern editors, suppose when next you try to make brilliant States and brilliant State-ments, that you get up a little smarter Sally than that!

How they back their Friends.

To judge by their language, we're forced to suppose,
"The South" can't distinguish their friends from their foes;
For, while to the "Yankees" they threaten invasion,
They "murder the *English*," on every occasion!

MASTER JOHNNY, HAVING CAPTURED SOME RAW RECRUITS IN THE PARK, PROCEEDS TO DRILL THEM BEFORE AUNT BETSY, TO HER INTENSE DISGUST.

In a Box.

There is a six foot man at the Canterbury who gets into a box 14 inches wide, 18 inches deep, and 20 inches long every night, taking with him six dozen bottles, one hat, and a pair of boots, and he thinks it a big thing; but there's JEFF DAVIS, now, who got into a tighter box than that three months ago, and has been there ever since, and, what's more, can't get out again till old ABE lets him, and yet he never brags of it, although he has in with him half a dozen generals, a whole lot of governors, and provisions enough to last him all summer.

A New Circumlocution Office.

The *World* and *Courier* and—well, I protest,
The triad are rather too many for speech;
But, faith!—on reflection, I think I have guessed
The regular labor devolving on each:—
The *Enquirer* goes round to see and to hear
What the turbulent *World* is doing; and then
He tells what he knows to the faithful *Courier*,
Who carries it back to the *World* again!

Very Natural.

The partisans of the late Clerk of the House of Representatives who have hitherto "crooked the pregnant hinges of the knee" in the hope that "thrift might follow FORNEY," have nearly all joined the ranks of his successor.

Stockjobber's Joke.

The North being no longer able to bear it naturally determines to bullet.

A FINE THING.

The meeting of a dozen "democratic" editors in this city the other day, was a fine thing. Perhaps it was the finest thing of this age.

True, these editors sometime since succeeded in inspiring the hearty disgust of the principal portion of their own party. True, furthermore, that they are spavined, ring-boned and heavy, with a marked tendency to virulent bots; but this doesn't matter. Indeed, this constitutes the fineness of the thing.

Whatever others may say, we shall always contend that this editorial "convention" was the most superior thing of the season, not excepting the letter BOTTS didn't write to the *Tribune*, nor the letters our own AUGUSTUS does write for the Philadelphia *Transcript*.

Look at the thing. These self-styled democratic editors meet at the Astor House, harassed with the idea that they are of some consequence, while the fact is, nobody ever heard of them before beyond their own placid village homes. Fresh as the daisies which bloom in their meadows, or foul as the miasmas which rise from their swamps, these rural editorial persons blandly babble of Peace when there is no Peace, and can be none, while the South plays the Ingrate, the Thief, and the Assassin.

No, no, Messieurs, the Editors! You ask too much. There can be no peace until the foe throw down their arms, give back their plunder, and sue for pardon on bended knees.

No Peace—no Compromise with traitors. Never!

The vast majority of the democratic editors in the loyal States are inflexibly and squarely for the Union in this fight. They have patriotism and sense. The mongrels who met at the Astor have neither.

Horse-Talk in High Quarters.

My motto, says SCOTT, is "*Tardè et Tutè*;"
Slow and Safe are the horses for duty!
Yes—says LINCOLN—but pray tell me whether
You're keeping your *Tardè* and *Tutè* together?

The News of the Day.

"Newport News."

BEAU-REGARD.

NURSERY RHYMES FOR THE TIMES.

Who killed Compromise?
I, said old ABE,
While yet 'twas a babe,
I killed Compromise!

Who'll dig its grave?
I will, says SCOTT,
If I don't I'll be shot,
I'll dig its grave!

Who'll make the prayer?
I, says WARD BEECHER,
I am a preacher,
I'll make the prayer!

Who'll be chief mourner?
I will, says BRECK,
If I can't save the wreck,
I'll be chief mourner.

Who'll comfort the friends?
I will, says CHASE,
I can keep a long face,
I'll comfort the friends!

Who'll pay the dues?
I can't, says JEFF,
I have'nt anything left
I can't pay the dues!

* * * * * * *

Who mourns Compromise?
Not I, says the North;
Let the mandate go forth,
We'll have *no Compromise!*

A Played-Out Beau

HARDEE MADE EASY.

In forming a hollow square with less than four men, it will be as well to omit giving the command — *officers to the centre.*

To guard against ludicrous mistakes, the instructor, on ordering a squad to "make a face to the right," should warn the members of it that grimacing in the ranks is contrary to the articles of war.

Under the head "General principles of Wheeling," HARDEE informs us that "Wheelings are of two kinds: from halts, or on fixed pivots, and in march, or on moveable pivots." Wheeling, in Virginia, however, though HARDEE does not seem to be aware of the fact, does not go round on a pivot of any kind, but remains fast to the Union. There is a good article of beer brewed there, which HARDEE has neglected to mention.

Do not forget that "the run, in actual service, will only be resorted to when it may be highly important to reach a given point with great promptitude." In the Secessionist army this rule appears to be reversed: at least, in cases where the "given point" was that of the bayonet, the gorilla men of the rebel persuasion have hitherto depended greatly upon the run for getting away from that point with great promptitude.

More might be said about "the run;" but the subject would be a painful one with the thermometer at 90° in the Sybil's Cave at Hoboken.

It is of the highest importance that the recruit should be kept in good spirits, and taught to relish his work. To effect this, instructors ought to be selected with a view to their cheerful attributes and convivial qualifications. For example, when the thermometer touches 90° in the shade, the judicious instructor will break files to the rear and order mint juleps.

This, although a digression from drill, is the kind of thing to raise armies upon. It is an entirely original suggestion, and has never appeared anywhere except in this version of HARDEE, which is to be had of all newsmen and newswomen at the usual price of VANITY FAIR.

The Filibuster Thomas.

The gallant Seizer of the Steamer St. Nicholas, who, secreted beneath petticoats, captured that vessel, has now been captured in return, in his drawers. The change of costume, we fear, will not be favorable to his longevity, for, lady or no lady, it is highly probable Uncle ADE will lead him to the halter.

A Word to Jeff. Davis.

Rock-a-bye, JEFFY, on the tree top,
Keep up your lies or the Rebellion will stop;
When you cease lying the Rebellion will fall,
And down come JEFFY, Confederacy and all.

Garibalderdash.

The mutiny in the GARIBALDI Regiment.

The Favorite General with the Northern Army.

General Advance.

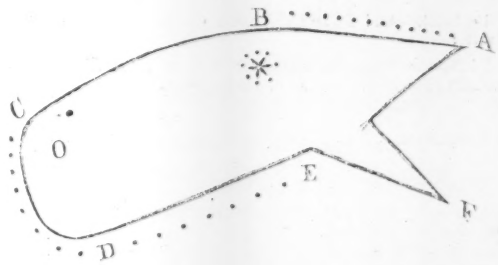
HOW TO WRITE A LEADING ARTICLE ON THE WAR

DEAR V. F.—I am grieved. I am astonished. I am struck dumb. Mr. GREELEY declines to purchase the following military article. So does Mr. BENNETT. So does Mr. RAYMOND. I am left to choose between you and *The World*, and, as I prefer you to all the world, I give you the first chance. I am, my venerable,

Your obedient servant,
NAPOLEON NAPIER NOBODY.

ONWARD! FORWARD! GO AHEAD!

After another long, weary and wretched half-day of almost stultifying suspense, we are compelled to announce that our suggestions to the Lieutenant-General are still contemptuously disregarded. After all our entreaties, prayers, persuasions and threats, and after the publication of all our military maps, printed as they were prepared, at such immense expense, Gen. BANKS still lingers in Baltimore, and the echelon position which can alone preserve our left flank from destruction, is still among the things to be waited for. Why are the barbette guns of Fort Monroe still left unmoved and unemployed? Why is the Massachusetts flotilla two yawls and three guns, still upon the coast of that State, its crew engaged in a round of frivolous dissipation? Why is not COBB'S Light Artillery brought to bear by a rapid movement upon BEAUREGARD'S right, thus cutting off his communications with the Fairfax reserve, and saving our position as nothing else can? Suppose for instance, that BUTLER having thrown out a strong force of one hundred thousand in the direction of Baltimore, his artillery co-operating with the extreme right of Gen. PATTERSON, the line of communication being still kept up with the right bank of the Patuxent river—is there a tyro in the military art who cannot see that the position of affairs will be as follows:



From A to B stretches Cobb's Light Artillery menacing Baltimore, while from B to C our main columns threaten Richmond, (O) and at the same time protect the reserve Artillery E D C, which in its turn can be thrown at any moment upon Washington at F.

Is there any man who ever spent an afternoon upon a Massachusetts muster field, who cannot see that with this distribution of our forces, something would be done and that rapidly? How long, we ask, before BANKS would be executing a noble movement, a little in advance of BEAUREGARD? How long before BUTLER would change his position for one of comparative safety? And where then would be the power which could prevent the quick movements we all so much desire? Then, indeed, our officers would understand that in war as in everything else, delays are dangerous.

The country has waited in vain for some manœuvre like this. Day follows day; night succeeds to night; telegram comes after telegram; and we say, without fear of contradiction, that we hear of no such operations. Is the country sold! Are there ARNOLDS at Washington? Is the President a Secessionist? Is the Secretary at War a noodle? Is the Secretary of State a scamp? Is the Lieutenant General in his dotage? Is BANKS brainless? Is PATTERSON without pluck? Is BUTLER a booby?

If things go on in this way much longer, we shall insist that the conduct of the war be confided to a Board of Military Editors with special directions to Do Something. What will they Do! We know not—perhaps the country—but at any rate they will Do Something! Onward! Forward! Go Ahead!

Contempt of the Rebels for our Soldiers.

The moment they see them, they turn their backs upon them.

Singular Confusion of Southern Army and Navy Terms.

Fleet of foot soldiers.